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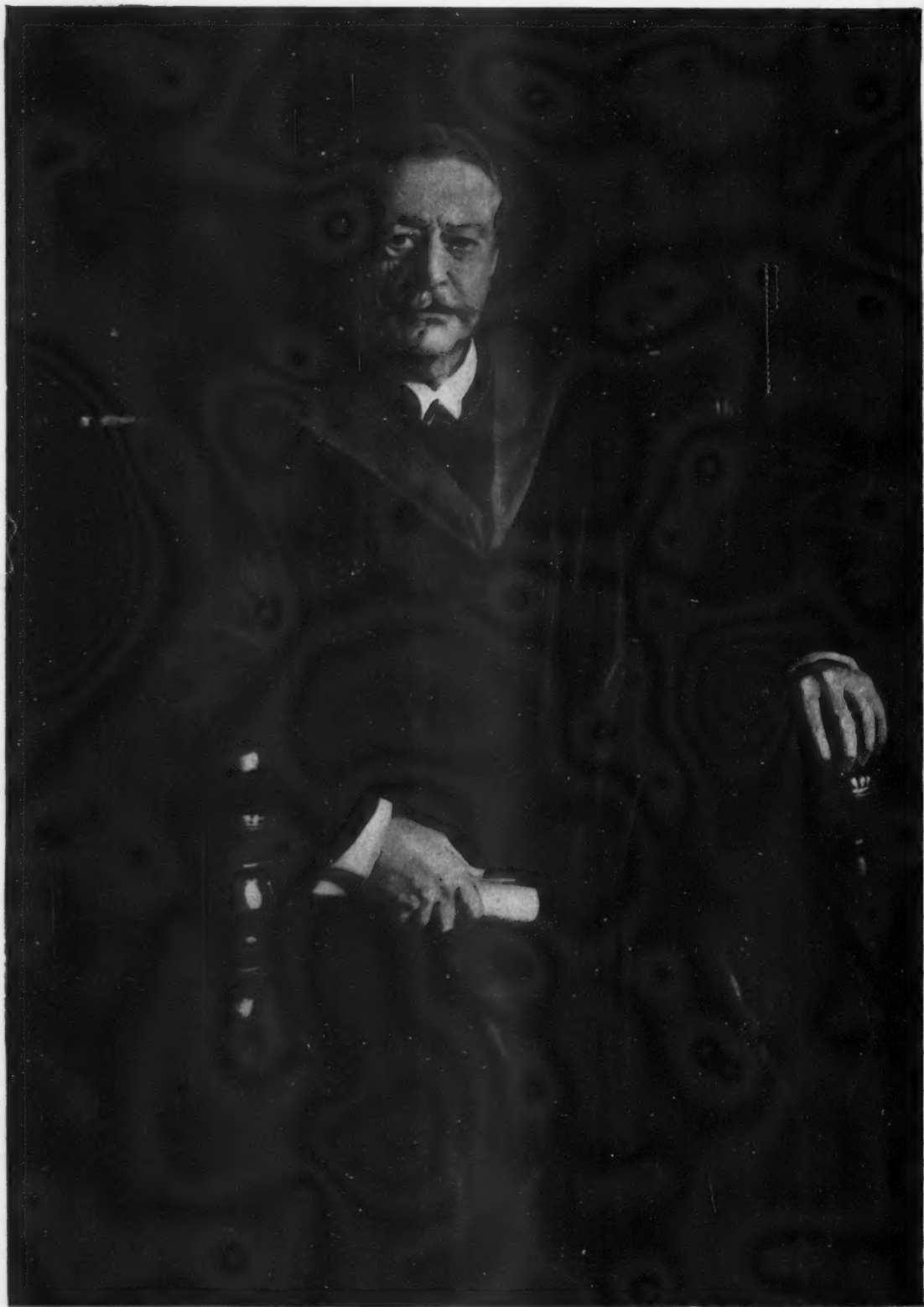
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Portrait of President Lowell. By John Singer Sargent.  
Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries  
Lent by Harvard University.

# ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

*The Arts Throughout the Ages*

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VOLUME XVIII

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## JOHN SINGER SARGENT: SOME OF HIS AMERICAN WORK

By ROSE V. S. BERRY

WHEN the seventy-eight canvases of John Singer Sargent were shown last spring at the Grand Central Art Galleries, in New York City, another chapter in American Art History was written. It was the largest collection of Sargent's work ever assembled, and it was gathered with his assistance. The exhibition should make plain for all time Sargent's place in the art world. Sixty thousand people saw the show. Many times the visitors were quite as interesting as the portraits upon the wall. Occasionally the spectator was so closely akin to the assembled portraits that they were one. Boston passed by and looked with approval upon its contribution of distinguished gentlemen and gentlewomen. New Yorkers slipped in enthusiastically to view their personages of quality; while Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia kept up the out-of-town interest. No European portrait

gallery—not excepting the royal collections—could make one feel himself in the presence of real personalities any more than this assemblage of portraits Sargent has chosen to paint, including: Writers, the aesthete, the man of affairs, artists, actors and actresses, whimsical characters of temperament and aloofness, along with the real American patrician.

Far too many of the visitors, however, lost sight of the artist and his skill, in the pleasure of seeing again some picture long lost to the public view. With this in mind and for the sake of the serious student, an analysis of the exhibition stressing some of its phases seems fitting and timely. In order that the analysis and the conclusion may be reasonable and logical, and that the study of the illustrations may be worth while, some of the factors which go to make a good painter great should be considered.

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What constitutes greatness in an artist? This question if answered, involves a keen analysis of the production of the artist, and a thorough understanding of his work. This question cannot be answered *finally*, if it is concerning a young man. It would have to be a more or less prophetic reply, with his promising qualifications treated symptomatically. But when a man has been painting for many years, he will have achieved greatness, or he will have missed it forever.

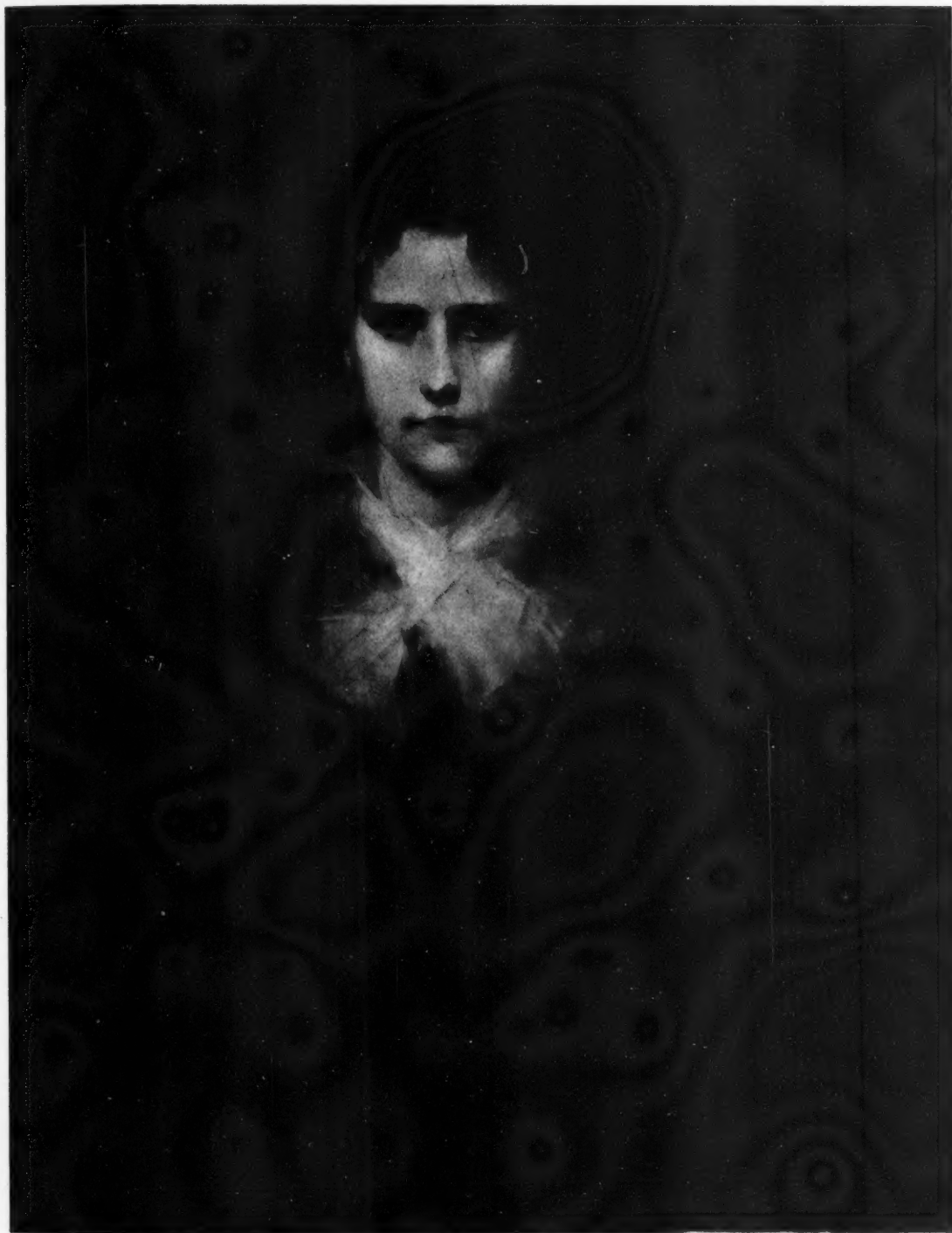
Certain qualities are absolutely essential to good painting, though a proportion of greatness in the artistic achievement may depend upon the presence of several other relative qualities. Many of these elements are so entirely fundamental that they are self evident; others are less definite, more elusive and frequently subtle. Yet, their contribution to the completed composition is just that will-o'-the-wisp something, which they supply.

Drawing is an exceedingly vital factor in any work of art. Color, with its brilliance, and richness, and daring combinations, is almost an unfailing means of approach, in the hands of a painter. Color used in a tonal treatment, though frequently sombre, may yield additional strength, or if of a delicate quality, it may react fancifully and poetically. Design is a charming adjunct. Fluency—an unhesitating deftness—is a feature which the sensitive observer detects at once. Imagination, freedom of interpretation, is the artist's vision, opinion, and response to what he sees, transcribed to the canvas. If this is successfully caught in a permanent statement, it is one of the chief elements of greatness in his work. Knowledge of his medium, or skill in the use of several media beside giving him various ways

of saying a thing, literally puts his message into several languages. Through his medium the artist may come by way of technique to a greater breadth of handling: A boldness which adds strength, and on to a dare-deviltry which escapes freakishness in the hands of a master. There is a conciseness that is far from little, and there is a conservative manner that is altogether great. There is a directness which adds power, and there is a subtlety that gives a remoteness which intrigues the art lover though it may tantalize him at the same time. Versatility is the gift which makes an artist many-sided, and enhances his talent into one of untold richness. But, after all, the artist's supreme gift is his ability *to see*; he is what he becomes by reason of his all-seeing eye.

Fortunately for this study of Sargent's work several of his earliest canvases were exhibited. They ranged in date from 1878 to 1924, his last portrait, being that of President Lowell, of Harvard, which was only just finished. Portraiture is very much like sculpture, one sees so much at the first glance, that the inexperienced observer will conclude that he has seen it all. But there are many difficulties, and the art of portraiture is full to overflowing of pitfalls more or less complex. There are the dimensions to suggest on the flat surface, and the features to model by colored planes, the distinguishing personal characteristics and the likeness must be caught by uncanny concentration and extraordinary teamwork between the brushstrokes and the eye. Portrait painters excell in different ways. Some are at their best with the mature countenance of thoughtful men and women; others portray the aged with sympathetic understanding, while others are especially





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PORTRAIT OF MRS. H. F. HADDEN. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Mrs. Hadden.

*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*



Portrait of Mrs. J. William White. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Mrs. White.

*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*

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fortunate in interpreting youth. Some place the figure out-of-doors to get the stronger play of light and shadow, increasing the difficulties a hundred-fold. There are a gifted few who catch the instantaneous pose, antic, or smile of a baby, or the fleeting, pensive expression when a sensitive child fails to understand. These are some of the possibilities; Sargent seems to have them all.

The portrait of Mrs. H. F. Hadden was done when Sargent was only twenty-two. It has never been exhibited before. While it is little more than a sketch, many who saw it, considered it a gem. It is virtually a study in black and white; the black enveloping everything but the features and the white neck-tie. The latter is almost dazzling in its whiteness, which is carried from a translucence to a dead white, where its folds pile upon each other. The artist's family and that of Mrs. Hadden were for several years sojourners in the American colony in Paris, and the young people were friends. In the portrait, Sargent has caught and held an expression which must have been more or less fleeting, but there is no evidence of uncertainty in what he has left upon the canvas, and the work would pass easily for that of a mature man. The restraint in the treatment is almost as severe and successful as if the first utterance of a young poet had been in a perfect sonnet form.

"The Lady with the Rose," (a sister of Mrs. Hadden) (1882) was painted when Sargent was twenty-six. This picture has been exhibited twice in Paris, twice in London, and this made the second time for the United States. In looking at the painting, one marvels at the power and directness of Sargent's workmanship. From these two

earliest canvases it is easy to see that Sargent never had anything to *undo*. He came into his activity just as all the big changes were well established in the art world of the student. The Americans, led by Frank Duveneck, had forsaken Munich and its heroic, historical themes. The story-telling group upon the canvas was making way for the one-figure painted for the sake of its pictorial value, without a literary interest. All the art students had discovered Velasquez and seen in his Prado panels the telling effect of this kind of a presentation. A study of the detail of "The Lady with the Rose," will be a surprise to even the most careful observer.

The picture like that of Mrs. Hadden is very limited in its coloring, being a study this time in black and brown. Those who know a little of the difficulties which confront a painter, know that black is quite as baffling to paint well as white. Beginning with the dress which is all black there are some very fine distinctions made in painting it. There are the folds which go to a black black; but there is an entirely different black portrayed in the black-velvet of the front panel. This carries black to the deepest tone possible, and is done with richness and a surety in its handling which already foretells a deftness in the technique of painting textiles. The net over the neck and in the sleeves is yet another quality of black, but over the flesh tones it goes to a brown. The hair is brown; the eyes are brown; the foreground, and the silken curtain which makes the background are brown. The lightest area of the curtain, the rose she holds in her hand, and the flesh tones are a creamy-brown, so the whole composition is a lovely thing in black and brown. It would scarcely

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*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*  
**THE LADY WITH THE ROSE.** By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Mrs. H. F. Hadden.

be possible to see in this portrait, only a portrait. Sargent has given it much more. Henry James, Sargent's friend for many years, in writing of the numerous fine canvases which England owns that were painted by Sargent, says: "But, the United States possesses 'The Girl with the Rose'." This picture was part of the sensation in Paris, when it hung together with his portrait of Carolus-Duran, on the line at

the Salon. The two raised Sargent from the student-class into the master-class, and that he might be entirely free from the Carolus-Duran dominance, or even a suspicion of it, Sargent shortly afterward moved to London.

For the sake of studying the painter's technique along one line of achievement, take three women gowned in white, as painted by Sargent. Mrs. Henry White, nee Margaret Stuyvesant Ruthersfurd, standing almost in the center of a large canvas, for all time will make the principal of a great portrait. The back-ground is the warm, nondescript, amber-toned brown, neither yellow nor champaign color; not so warm as the first, much richer than the latter, but a perfect combination with her ivory colored gown, and the gold and cane of the chaise longue before which she poses. Sargent has left no doubt as to the quality of woman he has portrayed. It takes generations of culture; a century's certainty of the day's events; the peace which follows a contentment difficult to obtain; a life well spent; rare poise and years of social experience, to attain the character and elegance of manner which are depicted here. There are several fine points in the painting of the canvas, which the reproduction does not show. There is but one note of contrasting color. Sargent has taken the shade of her lips—the most delightful coral—and used it as the sole foil for the exquisite, tonally developed whole. There is a pillow of coral-pink on the day-bed, rising above the arm, and peering below it. This gives two places where the color-note is used to advantage. The third place is a coral-colored motive on the slightly opened fan. Such touches are superb and disclose with certainty and delicacy, the excellent points.



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Ada Rehan's portrait is a large canvas treated simply. The background is of tapestry, holding the interest entirely upon the figure of the woman, save for the few reiterated motives of a pattern which relieve this large area that might be uninteresting. There is a difference in the character of this second white gown; it does not go to the whitest white save in a few places, easily discernible in the reproduction. Sargent keeps the white to a gray, nearly all the way through, carrying the darkest shadows almost to black. Ada Rehan with the understanding of the actress has dressed her part; the gown she wears will be as fashionable two centuries from now as it was the day she wore it. As one looks at the picture, there is the suggestion of there having been a triangular motive made of the figure, if the straight line of the lower right-hand corner had been carried on by the upward swaying motion of the fan, which she holds still for an instant. There is something fine about this portrait, and one finds it difficult to say whether it is as woman or actress that Ada Rehan compels and holds the observer's interest and approval. For the study of the third white gown take the portrait of The Honorable Mrs. Swinton. The painting of the white of the gowns in both instances, with Mrs. White and Ada Rehan, has been truthfully seen, is entirely satisfactory and pleasing. While the richness of the material, its heaviness, its weight, the dead ivory whiteness of the one, and the silvery gray sheen of the other have been beautifully done, they could have been painted by Reynolds, or Van Dyke, or Lawrence. The deftness of their handling is not peculiar to the modern painter alone. This is not true of Mrs. Swinton's dress. The two former treatments could never have pre-



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*

PORTRAIT OF ADA REHAN. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Mrs. G. M. Whitin.

pared one for the way Sargent has painted the scintillating white of this. It is a pyrotechnical display of great sweeping brush-strokes. There are blues, greens, pinks, lavenders—every tint of the pearl in its most glowing display of color, so often concealed, but in this case rapturously revealed. There is no evidence of a second's hesitation, and the glory of the painted surface suggests instantaneous sight and the swiftest action in recording it. The white of the



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*  
**PORTRAIT OF MRS. HENRY WHITE—NEE MARGARET STUYVESANT RUTHERFORD.** By John Singer Sargent.  
 Loaned by Honorable Henry White.



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*  
**PORTRAIT OF MRS. MARQUAND.** By John Singer Sargent.  
 Loaned by Mr. Alan Marquand.



PORTRAIT OF THE HONORABLE MRS. GEORGE SWINTON.

By John Singer Sargent.

Loaned by the Chicago Art Institute.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

gown of Mrs. Swinton could never have come excepting by way of all the knowledge that the Impressionists have discovered. Sargent knows all they do, when they place pure color side by side without the mixing or blending—juxtapose them. He knows these colors assisted by light and distance will fuse into something more brilliant and startling; will merge into something far more effective and daring because of this scientific knowledge of color and light. But this is a technique, a mode of painting, which Sargent did not use in the work of his youth. This one instance as an example of it, however, would declare him master of the innovation.

In the portrait of Mrs. Marquand the paint is entirely unobtrusive—one sees it last, or maybe not at all. While the brush as an instrument is scarcely perceptible, what has come to the canvas by way of it, upon examination, will be found excellent. The white and black of the costume make good contrasts, well presented; retaining a conservative character for the picture. The hand and wrist are quite as lovely as the face, in their way. The sharp, upper hair-line which defines the arm and its whiteness against the black dress, and the lower, darkened, blurred line which gives the modelling of the arm and its rotundity, suggesting what cannot be seen, but what must exist—the round surface of the arm as it recedes—is the finest work of the old masters, done by a modern master with the old master's skill. The same thing may be seen at the side of the face, where the light necessitates the sharpened white line; while the rounded head and the shaded side demand the softened, darkened line which virtually loses itself in the background. Over and over again, the person who is interested in the way Sargent does

things, may discover these points for himself. The portrait of Mrs. Marquand is a masterpiece. Perfect it certainly is. From the expression of her face the observer appreciates that her life must have been satisfying and replete with experience permitted to the finest and best women. If to any observer, it seems that Sargent fails in reaching the depths of goodness and fineness of a woman and the heights of her mentality and aspiration, let him linger before this woman's face as painted by Sargent. If he finds nothing else, her barely intimated smile will silence him forever.

The portrait of Mrs. J. William White, of Philadelphia, is as different in treatment as it can be. It is literally a tour de force; it was made in an afternoon. One feels that the likeness came in a flash. As an example of spontaneity the picture is superb. As an evidence of gigantic skill, it is unfailing. The head is finished; the rest is sketched in, with here and there marks of completeness and perfection which astound the uninitiated. The dark ruffles suggested by circular horizontal lines on the left shoulder are made much more definite where the light gives them prominence as detail on the right side. There are two white revers (especially the one falling out upon the ruffled mass to the right), which are finished into satin, worth at least fourteen dollars a yard. The well-known art critic, Cortisoz, somewhere in writing of Sargent has wondered how long the artist spent upon a string of pearls. Here is an answer for one instance, these pearls were included in the work of the afternoon. This picture is well worth serious study. Many know that the first impression, or the chosen expression of the sitter, by the artist, is a fleeting one. The painter



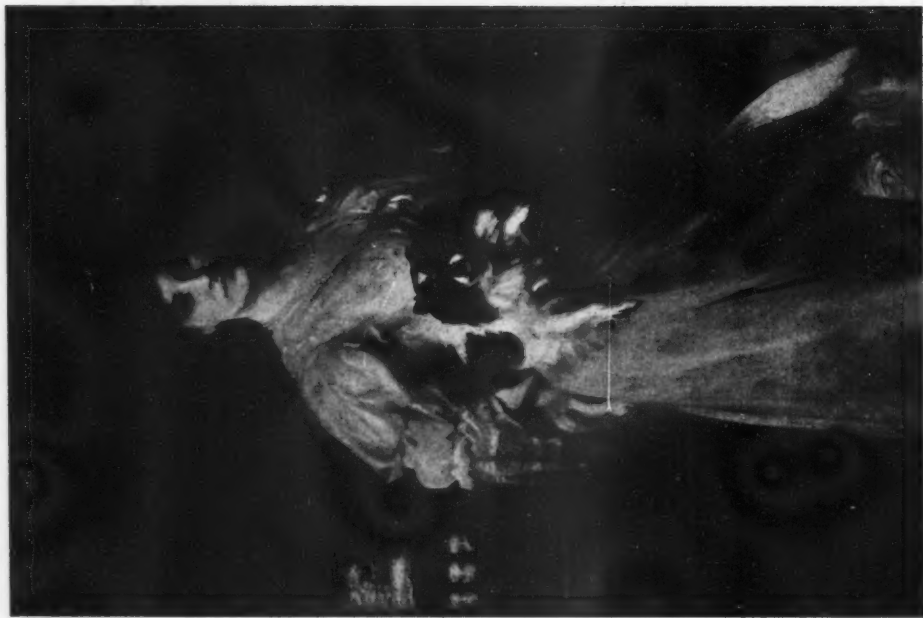
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catches it, feels it is the one to make permanent, then loses it, and maybe it does not come again. He must achieve it by way of his memory, unless by accident he can coax it back. In this portrait, Sargent succeeded in obtaining a splendid likeness, and fine vivacity. By leaving the picture in its sketchy state he has retained a freshness and a verve beyond any finished work he might have done. It was excellent criticism on his part to stop it there, and keen appreciation upon the part of the sitter to permit it.

In the portrait of Mrs. George A. Dyer, the art student will see something rare and lovely. The painting is a marvelous bit of beauty in itself. The texture of the surface of the canvas is so velvety in its quality that the observer invariably scrutinizes it to see *how* it was done. But the Sphinx is an open book, compared with this unanswered riddle. All that can be done is to tell what may be seen, but what can be seen and can't be told is the mass of the story. While the picture is one of Sargent's great ones, the canvas is small and as unpretentious as a semi-precious gem. There are but two colors used in the making of the picture: An unqualified black which serves everywhere, taking the character of the velvet gown and the soft, jet-black hair; the other color coming by way of the pale, invalid, flesh-tones, at their pinkest in her lips and fingers, palest in the thin, blanched face. The background and the settee are kept in kindred hues, which come into their strongest note of color in the rose, which is absolutely a product of the combined pinks of the flesh, lips and finger-tips. The woman looks out of her frame upon the passerby with eyes far apart, expressing an interest not yet compelled, nor even assured. She fas-

cinates by a subtle something which the artist has caught of her. It may be a beauty which is beginning to wane; or a sensitive reticence born of intellect and invalidism; or the aesthetic temperament that is misunderstood; or the melancholy spirit of grief which often saddens and sweetens its prey. But the whole expression of the portrait and its setting make an indelible impression and another delightful memory of Sargent and his art.

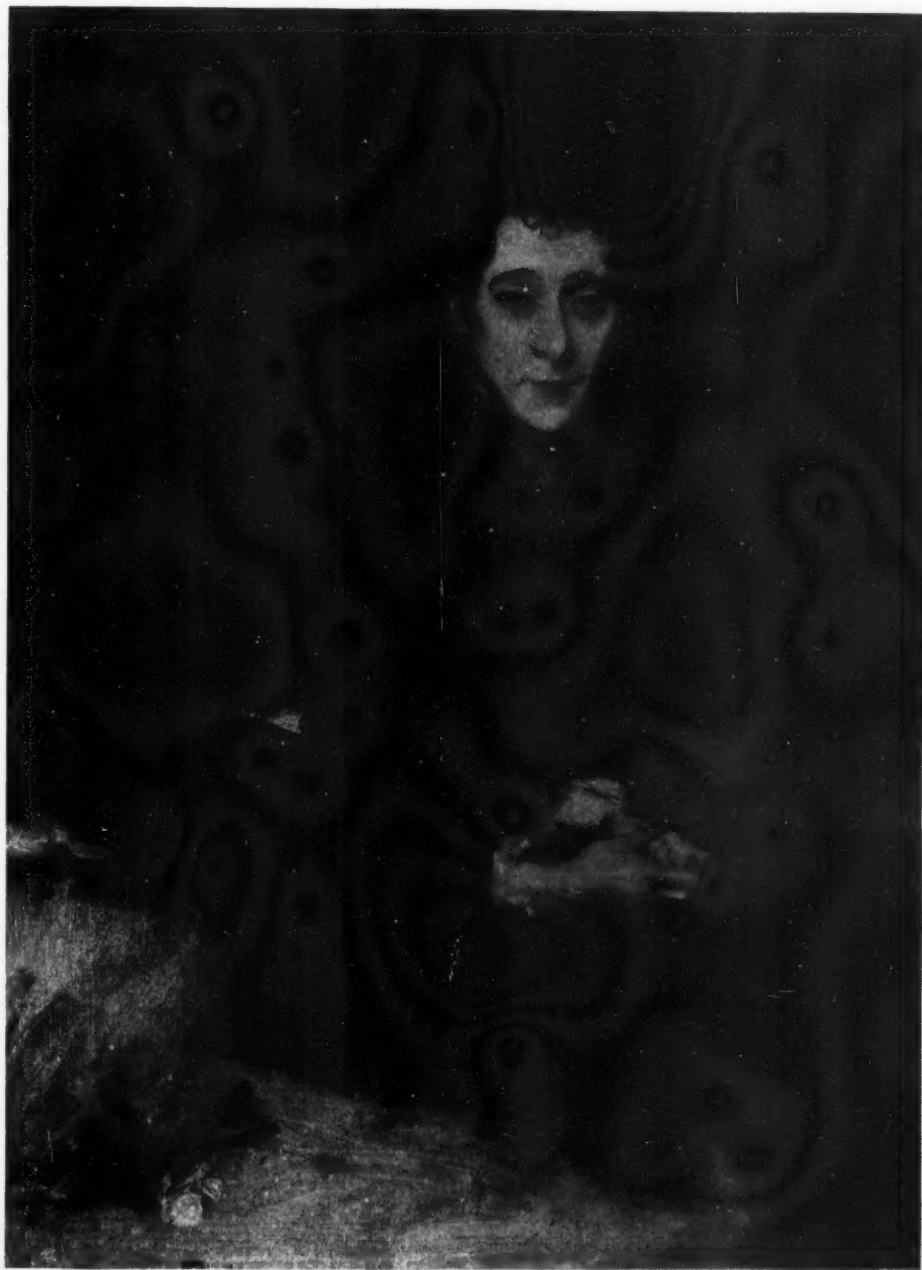
But, "Sargent paints men better than he paints women," was said many times during the exhibition at the Grand Central Art Galleries. Since from twenty-five large canvases in one room, the faces of nineteen women were presented in single or double portraits, something should be said in reply to this assertion. From such a number there must be a clear demonstration for or against the view of so many observers. First, without fear of the slightest disagreement it can be said, each woman, as Sargent set her forth, retained a distinctive individuality, no two of them had anything in common, save that they were women. Five of them were dressed in white gowns; two others, white combined with another color; yet not even the painting of white gowns was in any way kindred. There were society women, whose faces bore no trace of anything other than the non-committal expression assumed for the occasion; where "good form" forbids any evidence of emotion, or the presence of a disturbance, or a break in the sweetly placid countenance of the woman who is able to cope with anything. Even this, Sargent was able to present without making the expression uniform though it conformed. There were five elderly women portrayed in the collection, and his painting of them and



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*  
**PORTRAIT OF THE HONORABLE MRS. FREDERICK GUEST.**  
 By John Singer Sargent.  
 Loaned by Mrs. Phipps.



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*  
**PORTRAIT OF MAJOR HIGGINSON.**  
 By John Singer Sargent.  
 Loaned by Harvard University.



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*

• PORTRAIT OF MRS. DYER. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by the Chicago Art Institute.



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*

THE SULPHUR MATCH. By John Singer Sargent.

Loaned by Mr. Louis Curtis.



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the years which had made them, was a separate chapter of achievement for the artist. All of them had had wealth and position, but not one of them had lived or had aged as the other had, and this was plainly indicated by the painter. A statement much nearer the truth would have been: Sargent paints all of the character of the woman she permits him to see. Since Eve by pretending to like the apple induced the innocent, non-aggressive Adam of the Book of Genesis, to take his bite, women have deemed it best to conceal their inmost thought. Scientists think that they have proof that it took twenty-five thousand years to make a blue-eyed woman. Add to this the skill of the previous black-eyed lady, with probably hundreds of thousands of years spent in attaining her art of concealment, and all of this, plus ultra-modern technique, and what chance has a man for penetrating the secrecy and the feminine spell with which woman surrounds herself, even though he have the eyes and the power of divination of the artist, Sargent? Handicapped by human limitations, Sargent undoubtedly is. But his collected work extending over the years of its execution would reveal: French women and their vivacity; English noble women, their dignity, their impenetrable reserve, but a charming womanliness accompanying it; the young English girl, totally lacking in sophistication but possessed of poise and much more learning than appears on the surface; the nervous, volatile, self-reliant American woman, along with the peaceful, dignified, sweet-smiling one comparable only with the prolonged sweetness and calm of a perfect June day. When Sargent has painted these women for a season, he slips away to Italy where the Italian

woman gets character into the wearing of her shawl. His Venetian women are among his best delineations. India sometimes serves him as a respite, where subtlety, philosophy, centuries of concentrated thought and practice have developed a mental quality that fascinates the artist to register. He breaks into Nubia, Algiers, or Tunis, and records for a change, what he finds there to vary his study of humanity. Then he crosses into Spain, and catches a fandango dancer, a Carmencita or some other cigarette-girl, and all of the movement of her wild barbaric abandonment goes on his canvas as evidence that Sargent can see, does see; can paint, does paint. And in concluding this phase of his work, once more without fear of contradiction, it can be emphatically stated, Sargent is able to set forth again and again a new variety of the feminine enigma.

Sargent knows the tradition of good painting from the earliest days to the present. When he breaks with tradition it is with deliberation, and when he is willing to pay the price for the experiment. There were several double portraits shown in the collection which were interesting as examples of what Sargent has dared to do at different times. Along with the rest of this exhibition these pictures ranged in date from 1880 to the work of recent years. Some of these have been painted with great precision, and others have been more in the nature of hurried sketches. "The Sulphur Match" is one of the earliest, done in Venice, when the Duveneck boys were roaming from one European art center to another. Several who were acquainted with these men who achieved so much for American painting in the eighties, felt that the man in this picture was



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*  
PORTRAIT OF MRS. PHIPPS AND WINSTON. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Mrs. Phipps.



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*

THE FOUNTAIN. By John Singer Sargent.

Loaned by The Chicago Art Institute.

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*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*  
**PORTRAIT OF MRS. EDWARD L. DAVIS AND HER SON,**  
 LIVINGSTON DAVIS. By John Singer Sargent.  
 Loaned by Livingston Davis, Esq.

Frank Currier. It is rather pleasing to believe that it might be, and since they often posed for each other, it is not unlikely. The picture is altogether attractive; it is extremely fine in many ways. In it Sargent has retained a very even balance with the dark and light area. He has avoided detail in handling the faces and he has gained in strength thereby. He has allowed both of them to place their interest upon the flame of the

match, and that has meant he was not concerned with their eyes, consequently it is a different interest which they arouse in the visitor. As a character study, the eyes of the woman would not count for any more than the hang of her dress, the hooking of her heels upon her chair, and her utter abandonment to the enjoyment of the time she will spend there. Sargent made her the chief object of interest, and could have told no more of her, had he written a volume. He has kept the man in a secondary position by way of a darker mass treatment; his clothing in no way rivalling hers as an indication of personality.

In "The Fountain"—a portrait of Dr. and Mrs. DeGlehn, the treatment is very different. The artist has given them light wherever it could be consistently secured, and the study is reversed; the man a little out of line, has the main interest centering in him, forced by his posing, and the woman's painting him. Her face in profile, and slightly shaded, is thrown at the same time against the spray of the fountain. Sargent has added to his own interest in this difficulty. It is a real feat in values which he has achieved, and one that every painter will appreciate.

In the portrait of Mrs. Phipps and Winston, the entire effect is that of the more pretentious portraiture of the great English period. There was no lovelier picture in the exhibition than this one. Age is treating it kindly, too. If the next twenty years continue the mellowing process which is going on today, the picture will be one of exceeding beauty because of this, over and above its other charm. The double-portrait interest is totally unlike that of the other pictures. There is the contrast in the age—the baby has given of himself in several ways: his



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pinkness is a delightful note of color; his dress is another sort of white to paint; his expression is that of attention rather than interest, and Sargent has shown it well. The question as to whether the observer sees the two, one at a time, or both together, is a matter of eye-focusing which is always of interest.

The portrait of Mrs. Edward L. Davis, and her son Livingston, is entirely removed even from comparison with those discussed previously. If it were not for the brown eyes and the brown hair of the child, the picture would be entirely of black and white. The figures are almost, if not quite life-size, and they fill by far the greater area of the panel-shaped canvas. There were several of the best critics in New York City who unhesitatingly pronounced this the best picture in the collection. It is seldom that both subjects in a double portrait are so equally interesting. Sargent has allowed the gown of the mother to melt into the background, which tends to emphasize their faces and the white of the child's suit. It is difficult to conceive of anything more life-like than the expression upon both of their faces. Often in a double portrait, one of the sitters will be better than the other, or the appeal will be so different that they escape comparison. But here they share interest, they share excellence, they share position, yet, as a unit they are marvelous. Sargent the painter, would have slipped out of the observer's consciousness perhaps, could one look at the conservative treatment of the mother alone, though her face gleams with the personal magnetism and maternal love the artist has recorded. When one stops to look at the boy, however, the work of the artist has been that of a magician. The



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*  
PORTRAIT OF EDWARD ROBINSON. By John Sargent.  
Loaned by Mr. Robinson.

white suit has been painted in with more bravura than anything so far in the double portraits. The values photograph so perfectly that they are lost in the reproduction, but in the painting they are staggering. This picture is more nearly a composite of Sargent and all he knows, than many of the others. Simplicity and directness prevailing; contrast, adding strength to the canvas; conservatism used with one subject



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FISKE WARREN AND HER DAUGHTER. By John Singer Sargent.

Loaned by Fiske Warren, Esq.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

and the utmost daring in the other, with the impressionist's technique for the production of a sober-white—which is rare; with the knowledge of Velasquez and Hals in evidence, and his own skill displayed all through, this production might be termed an epitome.

In the treatment of Mrs. Fiske Warren and Daughter there is something new to consider. Sargent has placed two faces as nearly together as they could be placed and painted. The child's face fits perfectly into the curve of the mother's neck. In this position the observer can prove to himself whether it is possible to see two faces at once or not; certainly it would seem that this had been the experiment of the painter. Many find the portrait pleasing, even though they do not know what the artist has achieved for them. In the painting of the dress of Mrs. Warren the best example was shown of Sargent's impressionist's technique. Close by, the gown was a hopeless series of smudges, blurs, dashes, and strokes of different colors, but given a proper distance, and they resolved themselves into a diaphanous pink that was incredible to one unaccustomed to the miracle of juxtaposed colors.

As the visitor passes from one to the other of these Sargent canvases, he must marvel at the various ways the artist achieves his results. With the exception of the portrait of Mrs. Dyer, there was no other quite so beautifully painted as the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Field. If one could forget the features, and treat the faces as bits of still-life, the surface as painted had the charm of an exquisite textile. The flesh tints were so delicately blended into each other that the merging was almost unbelievably beautiful. So much for the painting; as an interpretation of age

the double portrait was another masterpiece. Genial and kind, looking out with mercy upon some object of compelling interest the two elderly people stand, as Sargent paints them. She is the clinging, dependent, worshipful wife. The artist has made the clasp of her hands upon her husband's arm tell that much; while into the face he has painted more than any one can describe at a glance—the whole of her life is recorded there. The man has met the years differently. He is still the protector—considerate and gentle. There are volumes that might be written on these two old faces as Sargent has presented them. Each in their way are lovely, and too graphic an account might sound like sentimentality, but old and young visitors paused before this picture during the weeks it was exhibited in New York, and it will live in the memory of many.

It was a privilege to pass from one excellent painting to another of these double portraits. Homer Saint-Gaudens is the last one to be considered here. If Sargent had never given any other child's portrait to the public, this would have established proof of his masterly ability in seeing and catching the mental attitude—the indifference, the artlessness, and all that goes to make a normal boy. Again, the artist has chosen to allow the subject to be the chief charm. Sargent has not resorted to color, exaggerated pose, or some pictorial design, he has made the child, all of it. The chair upon which the boy is seated is almost exactly the center of the canvas. The various tones of black used in the lighter and more shaded portions of the picture are of Sargent's best. But, as in several other pictures discussed, the technique of the painter is submerged here



PORTRAIT OF MR. AND MRS. FIELD. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries



PORTRAIT OF A BOY. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Mrs. Saint-Gaudens.

*Courtesy of Mrs. Augusta Saint-Gaudens*



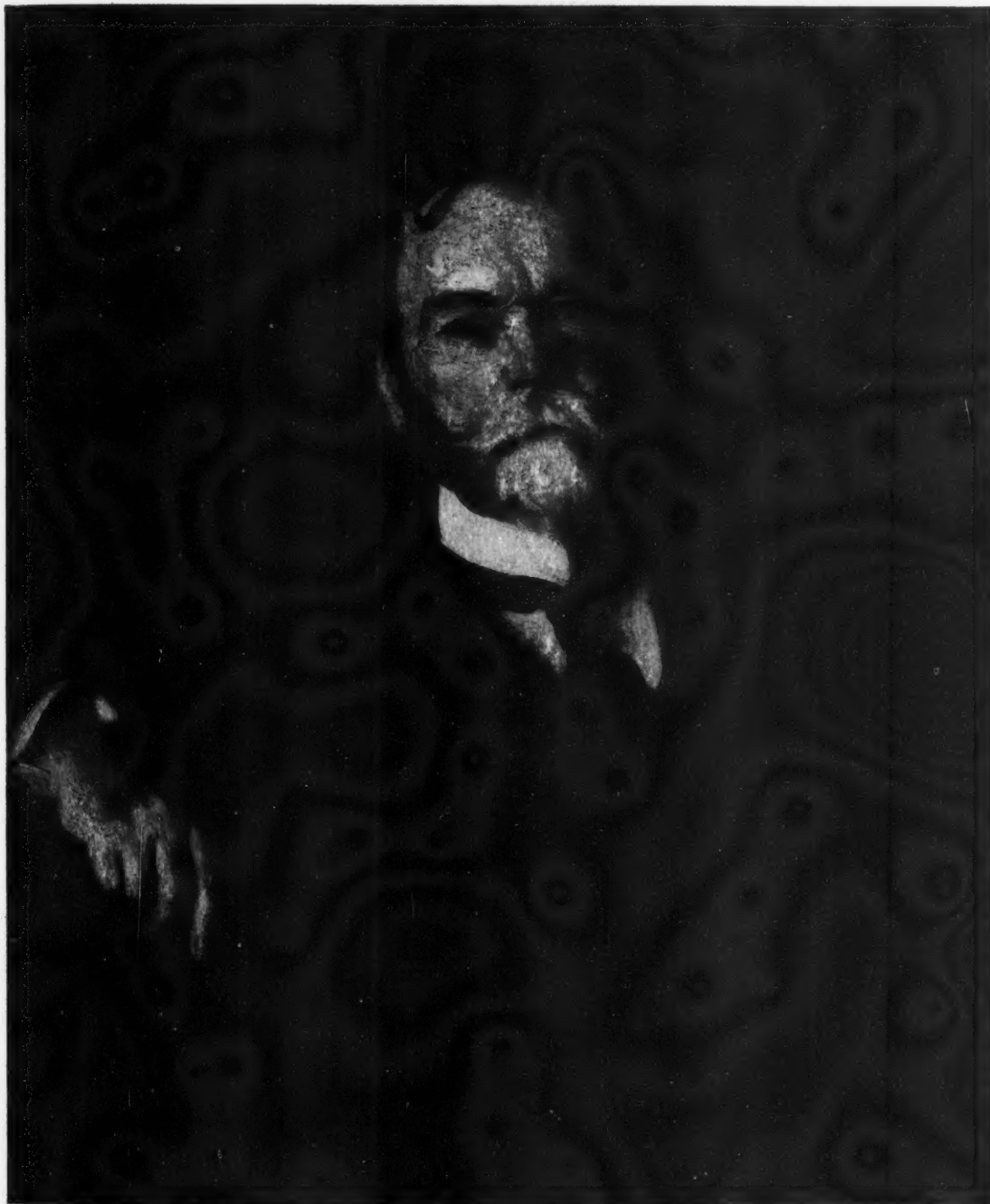
## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

in achievement, and the subject is supreme. The boy's boredom is only endurable, and that is all. It is evident that if the story does not go a little better, in the very near future, there will be no sitter for this portrait. How fine it is that Sargent could catch just this! For it sets the portrait apart from everything else that the painter has done. It is one more evidence of Sargent's superb seeing—another way of saying, a master's transcription. Having succeeded in making the portrait of the boy one of great merit, it was decided to leave the picture there. So, instead of bringing Mrs. Saint-Gaudens into equal prominence, and making it a double portrait in interest and finish, the Rembrandt principle of the "Night Watch" was used, and her figure was placed in shadow, back of the center, and the picture is of the child.

For proof of keen, discriminating seeing, study the following series of portraits as character sketches. That the comparison may be fair and the feat more difficult to establish, only portraits of men will be used for this test. Take the one of Major Higginson, loaned by Harvard University. The man is seated beside his desk in a revolving office chair. The encircling background is atmospheric and spacious. Part of the face is in shadow. There is no attempt at a pictorial handling; there is no splash of color; there is no effort to catch the attention of the observer, nevertheless, he feels himself in the presence of a person who demands attention. The subject of the portrait is certainly typical of the American imbued with high ideals, determination, untiring effort, and one who refuses to accept defeat. It is scarcely necessary to tell that he was a business man who stood for the best

in his community, who financed the Boston symphony for years, carrying many other large projects through to completion. In a room with twenty-four other interesting portraits, the picture of this man was a dominating one. By many it was classed as one of the outstanding successes of the collection. It is small praise to insist that it is a great portrait, and a splendid likeness of a splendid man.

John Hay's portrait, much smaller as a canvas, and with even less to stop the passerby, called forth much comment. There is daring brush-work in this painting, and much aside from the strong personal appeal. Sargent has made the clothing as inconspicuous as possible, but the collar is almost a gleaming white, and is made apparently with one sweep of a broad, clean brush, which evidently had never been associated with anything less pure than white. The mustache is made by a few bold strokes, placed surely with great certainty and apparently with speed. On his forehead a stray lock of hair falls loosely; this has been indicated by a smudge, which actually shows a perfect finger-print. Very few painters would have dared such a stroke upon so prominent a surface. The fascination of the Hay portrait emanates from the eyes, and their persistently absorbing gaze, which could easily have been a senseless stare. What Hay was is revealed without reservation in the portrait. The *seeing artist* in this instance has translated with understanding the actual Hay process of seeing, which was accomplished with penetrating shrewdness and astute scholarliness. The attributes of a gentleman, writer, traveler, lover of art, thinker, leader, and diplomat—not each in turn, but all together, are shown in the Hay por-



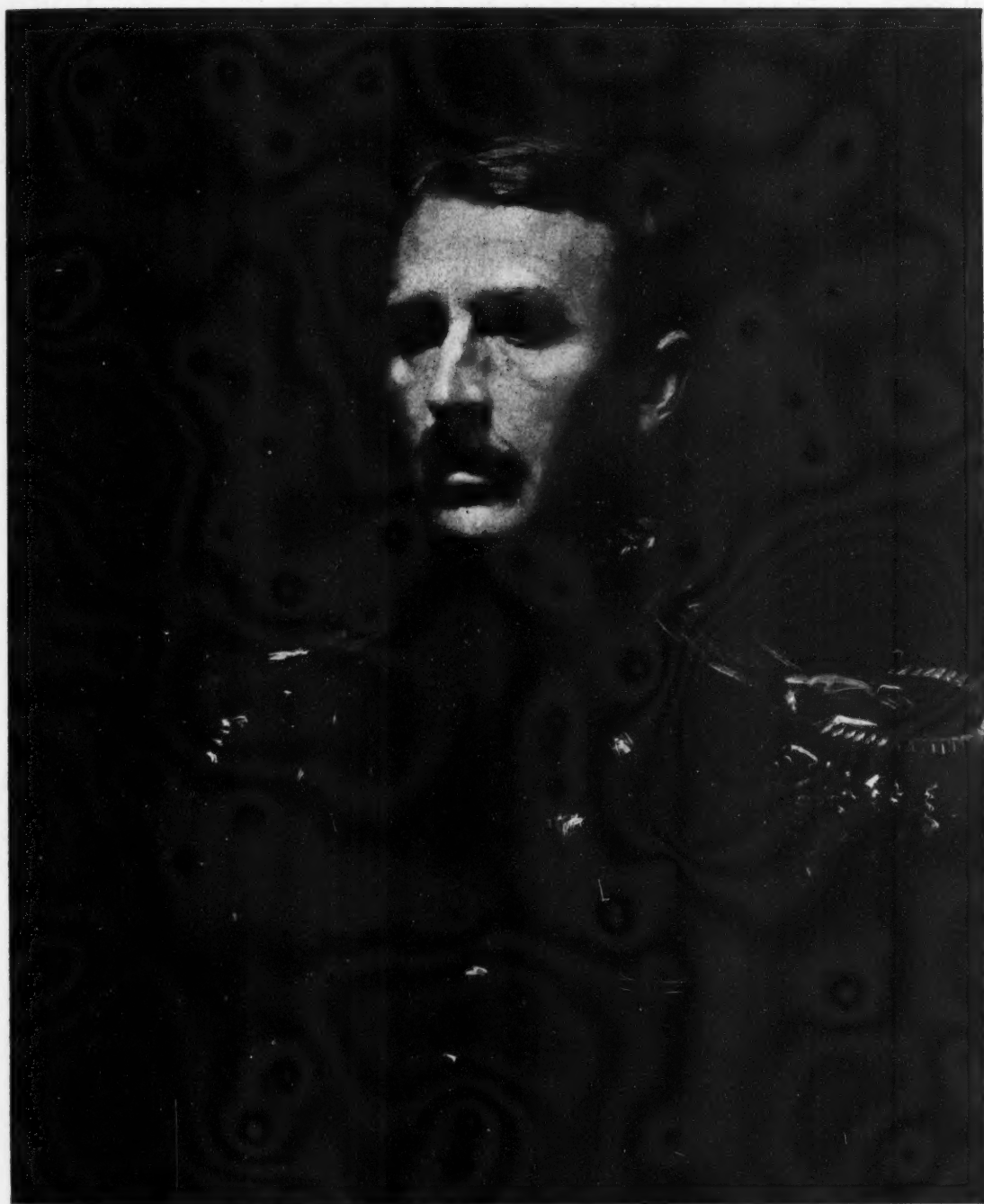
*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*

PORTRAIT OF JOHN HAY. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Clarence L. Hay, Esq.



HEAD OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Mr. Sargent.

*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*



*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*  
PORTRAIT OF GENERAL LEONARD WOOD. By John Singer Sargent.  
Loaned by Gen. Wood.



VENETIAN INTERIOR. By John Singer Sargent.

*Courtesy of the Carnegie Art Institute*

trait. This is achieved by a physical means directed from first to last, by the artist, but it certainly is a mental or a spiritual delineation of the most elusive of elements—the mind of a great personality.

In the portrait of Edward Robinson (Director of the Metropolitan Museum, of New York City), the effect is totally different, but none the less successful as a revelation of character. From the dark, atmospheric background a blond man looks out, not on the observer but past him. There is so very little in the portrait which is personal, *only a face and a hand*; all the rest is of the indefinite enveloping, darkened area. Yet in the hand alone, Sargent has declared his subject to be a person of whom it would

be a pleasure to know more. There is rare beauty in the hand and few laymen appreciate how much of the individual the hand can tell. In the face the actual story of the life is told: A man of thought, of culture, of a cosmopolitan refinement, a student and a scholar, and many there were who did not know him at all, but instantly asserted, without hesitation or thought of being mistaken, "He is also an aesthete."

The portrait of Joseph Jefferson, like nothing studied previously, is a spontaneous sketch, fascinating to those who appreciate the skill it declares.

Space forbids too much time spent with men who have been of interest to Sargent. The portrait of General Leonard Wood, Governor General of the Phil-





*Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries*

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By John Singer Sargent.  
 Loaned by Mrs. Payne Whitney.

ipines at the present time, is another type of man, while that of President Lowell, of Harvard, the most recent of the Sargent portraits, is yet one more. These carry their own message of individuality and of the talent of the painter. It is only as the artist's interpretation and technique is sought, in the whole of his production, that he stands apart from the people he commits to posterity by his skill, he is easily lost in their personalities if they are compelling or well known. Exactly as one painter portrays the land, another

portrays the human being. The landscapist will present fancifully and with imaginative skill what the land reveals of itself to him: Contour, pattern, the colored vegetation, earthy mass and atmosphere, and greatest of all, nature's moods and seasonal changes. The good portraitist does the same kind of seeing, except he sees human form, not earthy mass; flesh-tones not colored vegetation; mental activity in the most subtle effects of facial expression and the permanent lines left by experience and time, and not the misty haze

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

of the distance, the fleeting light of the sun, or the charm of the brilliant hued season. These facts are the very *essence* of good portraiture.

For the last of these great portraits let the subject be another of the world's rare personalities. Did anyone ever see quite such a portrait as this of Robert Louis Stevenson? It is one of two, Sargent painted of the famous writer, at Bournemouth, Scotland.

The canvas is divided between two interests. One filled with pictorial imagery, the other vital with personal concern in the portrait. In the first, Mrs. Stevenson is seated in an arm-chair, veiled with a colorful scarf. She is the first of three light motives, tending upward, which together with the open door, the stairway and the window beyond, furnish the pattern for contrast with the bare wall to the left. Then, as if he had just walked into the portion of the room where he would be the sole interest, Stevenson, tall and slender; nervous, restlessly pacing the floor, poses in an apparent pause. Plucking at his mustache—probably an unconscious gesture—he stops long enough to look at the painter. Sargent has caught almost every qualifying characteristic that could reveal the thoughtful sensitiveness of a man like Stevenson. The hair brushed back, emphasizes the forehead of the thinker. The eyes are those of a fancy-laden dreamer, not incapable of a fiery flash if stirred by anger. The mouth would seem a perfect instrument for a whimsical smile. The whole attitude and appearance of Stevenson is that of the forceful being—a composite of the writer who has gone through much, that he might understand; of the artist who has labored persistently, that he might be the master of his medium; of the friend who gives sympathetic affection; of the man whose aspiration

is being hammered and beaten into resignation.

Finally, what of Sargent? Sargent the man, is at home any place in the world. He has drawn largely upon the world as his great book of learning. He has delved deeply into a knowledge of its people; their religion, their philosophy, their mysticism, their racial differences and their national characteristics. He is a man of unusual mental attainment, of inexhaustible vitality, and indefatigable as a worker. He speaks several languages, and has gone far into the serious study of music.

Sargent the artist, paints indoors; paints out-of-doors; he paints landscape astonishingly; he paints a dazzling interior with an exquisite play of light; had he chosen, no one can tell what he could have done with animals; he paints in their people, not once, but frequently, the characteristics and the soul of many nations; England, France, Italy, Spain, India, Nubia, Algiers, Egypt, and the United States, live, move, and have a real being, by way of many of his canvases. He has excellent examples in his portraiture all along from infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, middle-life and on to old age. When he desires he uses infinite detail in his portraits, at other times they are achieved by sheer bravura. His drawings are as much in demand as anything he ever offered the people. He is one of the world's great aquarellists. Unless facts; awards; a high place—not in a single country, but the highest place in several countries; national and international approval; world renown; and such evidence, as the tremendous quantity and the excellence of his work, could all be swept away and totally forgotten, Sargent's place among the greatest can never be disputed.

*Grand Central Art Gallery, New York*

## HERBERT WARD'S ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE FIELD OF ART

By W. H. HOLMES

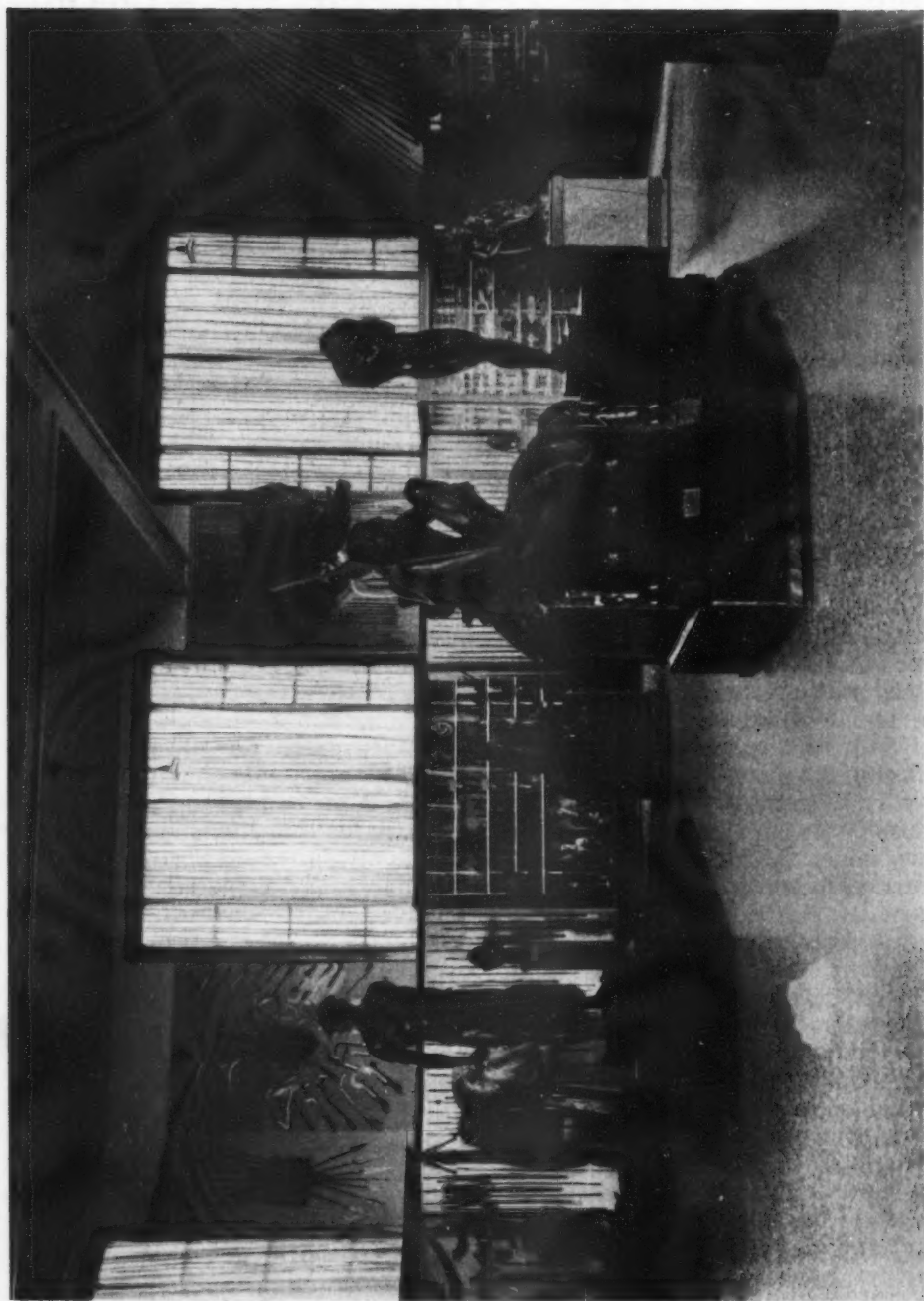
THE Smithsonian Institution is most fortunate in the acquirement of the Herbert Ward African Collection which comprises, beside an extensive assemblage of Ethnological material, a number of bronzes representing the African peoples. The latter, although works of art of exceptional excellence, are assigned to the Museum rather than to the Gallery for the reason that they are an integral part of a great collection which, by the terms of the gift, must be kept together as an exhibition unit. That Ward was a man of unusual ability, enterprise and hardihood is made manifest by the story of his life as told by Mrs. Ward and as recorded in his writings and the writings of others, and that he was highly endowed with artistic genius as well is made manifest by the works of his chisel as here displayed. That Mrs. Ward also is possessed of exceptional ability is shown by the energy with which she supported her husband in his various undertakings, and with which she carried forward to completion the work he left unfinished, as well as by the great skill shown in the installation of the collection, a collection destined to stand always as a worthy monument to them both.\*

The impression given by the first glimpse of the dark bronze figures and groups of figures as one after another they come into view in the rather dimly lighted gallery, is that of the weird and mysterious with a distinct suggestion of the dramatic or even of the tragic, and

this impression is much intensified as one catches glimpses of the walls glistening with a confused, yet beautifully arranged, array of strange implements and sinister looking weapons. The observer marvels at the extent of the exhibit. That one man in a lifetime of wanderings in Africa, even with subsequent additions, could have gathered together even the half of these things almost challenges belief.

Perhaps the most extraordinary happening in the remarkable career of this hardy adventurer was his almost unheralded step from the restless life of a wanderer in African wilds into the realm of art. Although he had practiced sketching from his boyhood and had wielded the pencil whenever he happened to have one during the days of his wanderings, he could not himself have anticipated the success that attended his entry into the somewhat exclusive realm of sculptural art. Settling first with his collections in London, he bethought himself to portray some of the interesting people with whom he had lived and worked, and began by modeling the head of a typical African. A duplicate of this in bronze he gave to his friend, Ashton Knight, who, in 1901 sent it to the Paris Salon, where it was accepted and shown, his first venture becoming thus the first of a series of most unusual artistic triumphs. He gained recognition at once and the encouragement thus accorded resulted in his removal with his collections to Paris, where in a brief period of years, 1900-1912, the works shown in our National Museum exhibit were exe-

\*The installation of the bronzes in the National Museum repeats in most respect the original installation in the Sculptors Studio in Paris.



PARTIAL VIEW OF THE WARD EXHIBIT AS INSTALLED IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM





THE CONGO ARTIST

cuted. Examples also are to be found in the Art Gallery of Johannesburg, South Africa, and in the National Museums of Cardiff, Wales, and Nantes, France. The bronze head referred to, on which he gained his first recognition, is now in the Luxembourg, as is also the head of a girl, executed a little later.

In Paris Mr. Ward was accorded every possible honor. He received all the medals, including the highest that can be awarded to a foreigner. He was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and elected to one of the three most exclusive clubs of Paris, the Cercle de l'Union Artistique.

It happened that Mr. Ward counted among his friends Mr. Sterling Heilig, a well known popular writer who has published much of interest regarding him—his work, his thoughts and his

sayings, and it seems most fitting that the latter should be given permanent record in this place since by no other means can we come so near the man we are called upon to honor.

Speaking with Heilig of his reception in France, Ward freely expressed his gratitude as recorded in the following paragraphs:

"There is a sense of freedom and of enthusiasm about Paris. You know that there are people all around you doing things, doing the same thing that you want to do; and although you do not visit them, you feel as if you also want to do your best with all your heart and soul." "Sculptors and painters, as a rule," he continued, "go through a long course of training in which they are influenced by the classic, and any original feelings they are





THE CONGO CHIEFTAIN



THE SCULPTOR, CARVING A WOODEN FETISH

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



THE FIRE-MAKER

born with are not strong enough to stick, because they see how absolutely perfect all this classical stuff is. Consequently they lose confidence and specialize on some ordinary theme, which has been done before, and they do it either better or not so well as it has already been done. Now on the other hand travelers, as a rule, are chaps who lack one quality, they regularly have no patience. To go forever is in them. They pass all kinds of interesting things, as does the modern automobilist—go like blazes, don't stop. Such is the spirit of the traveler in a new country, on, on, going, going. But if you get the combination of a chap who is fond of art and who has traveled, and who represents in his art the essence of what he felt as he traveled, you have

there something that must be of interest."

"In all these things," speaking of the seven or eight big statues, "the idea was to make something symbolical—not an absolutely realistic thing like wax works in an anatomical museum—but to make something which demands two different requirements; the thing must have the spirit of Africa in its broad sense, and at the same time it should fill the requirements of the art of sculpture. That man (pointing to the seated figure of the chieftain), take him. One man is no good; one man represents nothing. I wanted that bronze to represent not one chief, but a hundred chiefs. When you pass five years of the impressionable age from twenty-one to twenty-six, and when you are naturally in sympathy with people, interested in all you see, it seems to me that it is bound to dominate your life. And that is the whole story."

"Speaking of the standing warrior," he said, "as a rule warriors in sculpture have their arms flung out, are full of movement, but I have been present at a deal of fighting and have seen, alas, a deal of killing, and it is my experience that the man who is the most intent, absolutely, on killing somebody, is the man who is so intent that he keeps himself in, knitted together like a modern boxer. Having seen much fighting, when I came to do a figure like this, my idea was to represent all I have seen of many instantaneous visions of battle, as quick as lightning. He does not represent one warrior, but a hundred warriors."

"This work has been done because I love it, and if I have had a little talent for the thing, and if fortune has favored me to do exactly as I please yet each work has cost me pain like a woman

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

bearing a child. I have gone through periods when I thought it was not worth while, and the next day I have felt more hopeful and pulled out of the mess. Anything worth while is like that; you must be at times absolutely discouraged and you must rescue it afterwards. The thing that goes all right from the beginning is no good."

"Many people ask me, 'Why do you do these ugly negroes? Why not do things that can be put in a drawing room?' But even if a man does ugly negroes and knows what he is doing, and manages to get his soul into it, there will some day come along the men who understand."

### THE CONGO CHIEFTAIN

As the collection is now installed in the northeast range of the first floor of the Museum, one enters through an open gateway in the low massive carved wooden railing embellished with small carved figures in the Congo style, he passes the portrait bust of Ward at the left and faces the bronze image of the Congo Chieftain, an imposing figure in dark bronze somewhat larger than life. Supported on a massive pedestal of dark wood embellished with carvings in native style, he is represented as seated on a lion skin in an attitude of attention or expectancy. His powerful legs are doubled up against the body. His back is supported in part by a native chair of strange construction from the sloping back of which is suspended a cluster of human skulls, attesting, no doubt, his prowess in battle and symbolizing his office as chieftain.

The figure is strongly modeled and suggests great physical strength. The massive trunk is bent forward. The head is crowned with heavy locks which hang down at the sides and back. The face is massive. The eyes,



THE FOREST LOVERS

shadowed by strong brows, peer forward between the parted knees. The expression, seemingly stolid, does not, however, admit of any question as to the place the Chieftain holds and intends to hold among his people. The right hand grasps a strange weapon, a spear-like mace, the point of which is set in the ground against the side of the right foot. The left hand clasps the left ankle and stabilizes the pose. The only dress is a loin cloth trimmed with shells and a necklace of shells and of teeth of lions. It is a work to attract and hold the attention of the thoughtful visitor.

### CONGO ARTIST

One of the most telling presentations of the primitive African, physically and culturally is the figure of the Congo Artist (Souvenir de Voyage Expedition



MOTHER AND CHILDREN IN FLIGHT



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Stanley). The powerfully modeled figure of the man, something over life size and nearly nude, sits flat on the ground; his long, strong legs are spread wide apart while the right arm is extended at full length between them; the hand is closed save the heavy forefinger which scores the figure of a serpent deeply in the soft clay. The head is crowned with a mass of hair, short plaits of which hang down at the sides and cover the neck at the back. Across the forehead there are knottings of the hair, while the knotted whiskers extend in a single row from ear to ear. The features are naturally the center of interest, indicting concentration upon the drawing. The attitude of every member of the body, the action of every muscle and the expression of every feature contribute to the effect. One would expect the toes to tighten in sympathy with the finger pencil as it turns the sharp angles and to relax as the curve straightens out, and the lips and brow, although in rigid bronze, are so modeled as to seem to have the mobility of life.

### MOTHER AND CHILDREN IN FLIGHT

A young mother with her two children, a boy of five and a babe seek safety in flight from dreaded dangers typifying the precarious existence of the cannibal tribes. The mother, pressing forward in agonized expectancy, is nude save for a fringed strand round the waist draped in front, a simple necklace of shells or animal teeth and wristlets and anklets of metal. Her body and face are embellished in a tasteful manner with relief scarifications and her hair knotted in part across the forehead is held in place at the back by a heavy pin. The babe is supported in a sling of rough fabric or skin and clings to the mother's left side

held tightly in place by her left arm. The naked boy, clinging to the mother's left leg, is held by her right hand and, like the mother, is anxiously peering forward in anticipation of danger. The tragic story is well told; the expression of the features, the attitude of the bodies and every movement of the limbs contribute to the effect. It is a conception presented without a fault.

That human nature is the same among all peoples and that affection of mother for her children is universal is exemplified by the following incident related by Ward:

"One day, whilst strolling through a native village, my attention was attracted by the piteous moaning of a woman. I found her lying upon a heap of refuse—banana peelings, sweepings, fishbones and rubbish, all seething in the hot sun. The poor creature appeared to be in great distress. Her body was smeared with blood and filth and the flesh was literally torn from either side of her face, leaving her temples bare and raw.

"In her agony she had clawed and torn her flesh with her finger nails. Her despair was indeed pitiful to behold, and I sought to soothe her, but all in vain.

"Turning to a native who was standing by I inquired in the native language: 'What ails this woman? What manner of malady is this? Quickly tell me words to explain this.' The savage shrugged his shoulders and with a scornful toss of his head replied: 'That woman's baby died a few days ago. See! She bleeds herself with grief. That is all!'

"Grief. The pathos of the scene would have moved a heart of stone. There at my feet was a revelation of savage feeling, of love and grief, of the deep emotions that can be enjoyed and suffered by one of a cruel, cannibal



THE SORCERER

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

race. As a mother, this woman had cherished and loved her child; as a savage, ignorant of faith and forlorn, she had mourned her infant's death."

### THE FIRE-MAKER

No art is more essential to the human kind than the making of fire, and the fire maker as here presented is a familiar figure to all students of primitive peoples. The great virility of this figure, the splendid genius that created it, cannot be fully realized until it is closely studied, until the hand is placed upon the life-like bronze; it seems the real man of flesh and blood and action. The pointed implement of bone or other hard material is set in the surface of a dry piece of wood and twirled between the palms of the hands until heat is generated and a spark arises igniting the ready timber necessarily at hand. It is an art practiced in identical form during the long stages of human history, is practiced in time of need by peoples in all stages of advancement and must continue to be practiced on occasion to the end of the human career in the world.

### DEFIANCE

This remarkable statue depicts the human savage, the primitive man not yet freed from the deep shadow of the wild, although it is apparent that the represents a stage of culture ages above the horizon that separates the pre-human from the human stage, for he wears a loin cloth trimmed with cowrie shells and anklets trimmed with pendent teeth of animals. His hair is neatly arranged, his chest is embellished with scarifications applied with excellent taste and he grasps in his right hand a deadly weapon of steel.

The presentation is masterly and a culminating achievement in the career of this gifted sculptor. The heroic

figure quivers in expectation of immediate and deadly encounter. Every sinew is knotted in readiness for the instantaneous spring, while the threatening attitude and the fierce visage are calculated to strike terror in a foe not well accustomed to the deadly encounters of a cannibal race.

It is especially to be noted that in this and indeed in all the sculptures that Ward has left us, there is an absence of the mannerism that so often creeps into the work of school-trained artists. Every lineament is as the work of nature's own facil and vigorous chisel.

It has been said that the man who stood for this statue in Ward's studio in Paris was a mild mannered negro, possibly without the least knowledge of the fierce encounters of the Congo, and that in order to obtain the desired attitude and expression, Ward said to him: "Now let me see how you would look if a man stole your wife." The result is here perpetuated in the rigid bronze.

### THE SORCERER

The African tribes are believers in the existence of mystic powers which control more or less fully the welfare and destinies of the people. These powers, usually evil, are often believed to reside in members of the tribes, who, through some misfortune, have come to be suspected of having affiliations with the spirits of evil and of exercising on occasion their mysterious powers.

Due to the constant dread of malevolent spirits and the desire to defeat their supposed machinations, certain individuals among the people, taking advantage of these beliefs, assume to be able to detect the workers of evil and by taking advantage of their fears, acquire great control over the simple people. This is the Charm Doctor or

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



DEFIANCE

Sorcerer. The practitioner, in order to impress his audience, resorts to varied cunning devices. He holds aloft his personal fetish, a carved wooden figure assumed to have magical power and works himself into a frenzy, performing wild antics, as shown in this wonderfully modeled figure.

So fully are the people deceived that on the Sorcerer's announcing that the evil spirit is possessed by some old person, usually a woman, or perhaps by a personal enemy, the dangerous person thus pointed out is at once destroyed. This, in the understanding of the people, serves to break the evil spell.

### THE FOREST LOVERS

The story of the mating of the young is a universal story common to the forest and to the palace alike. This verile bronze typifies this most interesting stage in the life of the human individual and of the human race. The pair is seated in chaste embrace, the young woman adorned with a metal anklet only and the man with a necklace of teeth and shells.

### DISTRESS

Ward knew the peoples of the Congo more intimately and has written regarding them more appreciatingly than any other explorer of the dark continent. He has told us more of them, of their habits and customs, of their virtues and vices than any other of the many who have penetrated the African wilds, and these sculptures tell of their physical traits more effectively than can be told by any other means.

"Distress" is the powerful figure of a nude African, the work untouched by a trace of the convention that prevails in the sculptor's art in all climes and among all peoples. The entire body is affected by the intense emotion; every member aiding in the expression which is focused in the attitude of the bowed head, the face deeply buried in the muscular arms which envelop the neck and shoulders in close embrace. The story, the universal story of mortal distress, is so fully told by the sculptor that words can add nothing.



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Not less interesting than the bronzes already described, are the figures of the native sculptor, who, with the actuality of life, carves his wooden fetish; the burden bearer, the slave woman bringing from the forest the heavy load of fagots; the reclining figure of the young woman typifying the physical comeliness of the black race; another female figure, and the several busts of men and women, doubtless replicas, in part at least, of the early works which brought the genius of Ward to the attention of the art world of Paris.

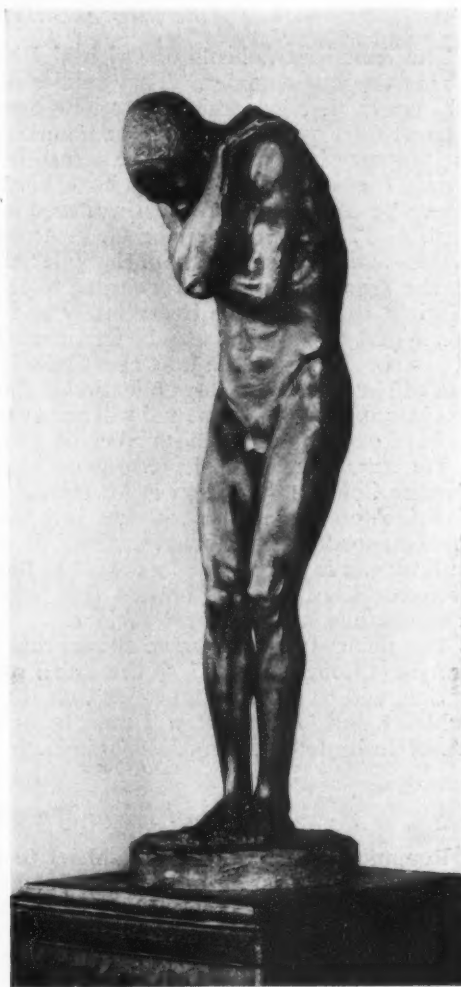
Thus Ward's genius has presented in an attractive, even a fascinating manner, a people whose status, according to his own story, is at the very bottom of the ladder of civilization, a people living in a manner hardly above that of the beast of prey and excelling the brute in brutality, for the lowest brute does not systematically hunt and kill and feast upon the bodies of its own kind.

Sterling Heilig's estimate of Ward's work is expressed in the following words:

"The sculptor has infused into the dead bronze the pathos, the dignity and the genius of the African forest dweller. Nothing but sheer power could have forced upon western cultured superficiality the interest which Ward's work excites—interest in a race long persecuted with pitiless cruelty, a race of another color, remote, incomprehensible to the western mind."

The triumph of Ward's genius is proclaimed in the following lines by Miss Leila Mechlin:

"Mr. Ward was a man of extraordinary personal magnetism, he had enormous resources within himself; his habit of thought was direct and simple; thus, when he came to give his entire time to sculpture, he was immediately able to produce, without the usual apprenticeship, works of not only pronounced merit but bigness in conception. He modeled not because he wished to produce art but because he



DISTRESS

had something he wanted to say. For this reason undoubtedly there is not the least trace of self consciousness, on the part of the artist to be found in any of his works. In strength, power and virility they have seldom been equaled. They are plastic, and in rendering peculiarly sensitive. They are, to be sure, primitive man-ugly but paradoxically beautiful in strength, finely and firmly modeled, amazingly true—realism at its best, because touched by a large sense of humanity."

*The American Magazine of Art, April, 1922.*



## CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

### *American Schools of Oriental Research.*

The American Schools of Oriental Research have taken some long steps forward during the past summer. They rejoice in the receipt of the two bequests of the Rev. Dr. James B. Nies, which have now been paid over. One bequest of \$50,000, with interest for a year added, will be immediately used for the erection of the building on the property in Jerusalem, to be named in memory of Dr. Nies's wife, Mrs. Jane Dows Nies. Plans for this building have been for long time in preparation. They were drawn by Mr. Ehmann, a distinguished architect in Palestine, with the cooperation of Prof. A. T. Clay and Director W. F. Albright, and revised by the Consulting Architect in this country, Dean Meeks of the Yale School of Fine Arts. These plans were approved by the Trustees, and were forwarded to Jerusalem in July, with instructions to Director Albright to obtain bids immediately and to forward the work of construction. It is hoped that the building may be well started before the rainy season. The other bequest of \$10,000, known as the Jane Dows Nies Endowment Fund, is to be used for publication and will be applied to the publication of the School's Annual, the fourth volume of which has just appeared. This fund will net over \$500 a year, and a payment for the past two years of over \$1,000 has been received.

The Annual Professor in Jerusalem the coming year is Prof. Max L. Margolis, of the Dropsie College; the Fellow is M. Harald Ingholt, late Fellow in the Graduate School at Princeton University, who has just taken part this last spring in a very successful French expedition to Palmyra. Prof. E. Chiera of the University of Pennsylvania will be Professor in Charge at the School in Bagdad, the first incumbent for a whole year. Professor Clay formally opened this School last November and spent some time in Mesopotamia and adjacent regions.

The nucleus of a valuable library has already been established in Bagdad by the Schools through the gift of the late Professor Jastrow's valuable Assyriological collection, and to this it is expected that the library of the late Dr. Wm. Hayes Ward, publicist and Orientalist will soon be added, as he bequeathed his library for such a school to be founded in Mesopotamia.

### *Central Ruins of Rome Soon to be Excavated*

Roman archeologists from Raphael to the present day have always cherished one special dream—that of excavating and bringing to light the remains of the group of Imperial Fora, which occupy the space between the Capitoline and Quirinal Hills. They begin, in point of time, with the Forum of Julius Caesar; then come those of Augustus, Vespasian and Nerva, and the Forum of Trajan, which was nearly as large as all the others put together.

These Fora presented a series of magnificent public buildings, colonnaded squares, temples and basilicas, which in the course of time not only fell into ruins, but became completely hidden by what Lanciani calls "ignoble superstructures." The low-lying Forum of Augustus was reduced to a swamp in the Middle Ages, the one surviving archway being known by the significant title of "Arco Dei Pantani." The ground was drained and the level raised in the sixteenth century, when new streets were laid out, and the convent of the SS. Annunziata was built in and about the central temple of Mars the Avenger, dedicated by Augustus after the battle of Philippi.

The demolitions that will shortly be begun will bring to light the north hemicycle of the Forum, the cella and the porticoed vestibule of the temple and the "favisce," or cellars, where the priests of Mars used to keep their treasures and the savings of many private citizens to whom they acted, in a certain sense, as bankers. All these remains are said to be in a wonderful state of preservation.

## BOOK CRITIQUES

*The Outline of Art. Edited by Sir William Orpen. With over 300 illustrations, of which 24 are in color. In two volumes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

The editor says at the close of this introduction: "In the OUTLINE there will be attempt to print all the details of the history of art for six hundred years or to indulge in learned argument and criticism. We propose to reproduce as many as possible of the greatest pictures in the world and to say enough about their painters for the reader to understand what are their peculiar characteristics and what are the qualities of their work that make it beautiful and inspiring." This defines the limits the Editor has imposed.

The Story of Painting since its rebirth in Italy in the beginning of the fourteenth century up to the present, with only incidental mention of sculpture and other arts, is to be told. Thanks to those limitations the thread of continuity is carefully preserved and we have in the 491 pages of text, interleaved abundantly with over 300 full page illustrations, of which 26 are in color, one of the most readable and instructive surveys of the historical development of painting since the Middle Ages that have appeared in recent years.

The titles of the twenty-five chapters into which the work is divided show the nature of the treatment; "The Birth of Modern Painting," "Invention of Oil Painting," "Wonder of the Renaissance," "The Road to Venice" and "Splendors of Venice," "Dawn of the Reformation," "The Pride of Flanders," "Sunshine and Shadow in Spain," "How Art Rose with the Dutch Republic," "Dutch Painting in the Seventeenth Century," "Rise of French Painting," "English Masters of the Eighteenth Century," "Eighteenth Century British Portraiture," "The French Revolution and Its Influence on Art," "Rise of Landscape Painting," "National Landscape," "The Pre-Raphaelites," "Romantic Movement in France," "Modern Dutch School," "The Influence of the Far East," "Realism and Impressionism

in France," "Post-Impressionism, Cubism and Futurism," "Art During the Great War" and "The Art of Today."

Under these general headings the life and style of the great artists of the world are discussed with especial regard to their aesthetic values and with reproductions of their masterpieces, the merits of which are duly described. The reader who is especially eager to know the differences between the various schools and styles of painting will find these volumes rich in suggestion. For example, the chapters on Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, Cubism and Futurism will lead the reader to a more intelligent appreciation of the paintings of Monet, Cezanne, Ganguin, Matisse and their contemporaries, as the excellences and faults of these modernists are analyzed in a way to awaken more intelligent judgment of their works.

One of the notable omissions is the failure to mention the achievements of America, especially in the chapter on "The Art of Today." Conspicuous attention is paid to those expatriated Americans who have lived and achieved fame abroad—Whistler and Sargent—but no attention whatever is made to our own great painters. When will trans-Atlantic writers on art awake to the fact that there are American architects, sculptors, and painters who are the peers of their British and French confreres?

One hesitates, however, to make the friendliest criticism of a work so well conceived and so satisfactorily executed, and our thanks are heartily given to Sir William Orpen for his masterly treatment, and to the publishers for producing so timely and attractive an "Outline of Art."

MITCHELL CARROLL.

*The Art Spirit. By Robert Henri. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1923.*

This little book so full of clever observations, of philosophy, helpful teaching for the artist, for anyone who seeks knowledge of art—is a compilation, "notes, articles, fragments of letters and talks to students bearing on the concept and technique of picture making, the study of Art generally and on appreciation."

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

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**PORTER SARGENT**

14 Beacon Street

Boston, Mass.

This sub-title covers the contents and purpose of the book. No one is better fitted to talk about Art, one who has lived Art, made Art, and taught Art, as has Robert Henri.

His comments are clever, sparkling, keen and witty. To open the volume at random, anywhere, are succinct and pithy lines. He says: "Don't follow the critics too much. Art appreciation, like love, cannot be done by proxy. It is a very personal affair and is necessary to each individual."

His letters of criticism and lectures to his students, must be an inspiration and if they cannot paint like their master, his generous praise of their work, where merited, and kindly suggestions must be exhilarating and encouraging.

"The world and life are common every day and almost empty to a great many people, but there are those who see that the world and life are mysteriously beautiful. There is a latent possibility of specific and penetrating vision in each individual. The thing is to develop this possibility."

The book is compiled and arranged by Margery Ryerson, a pupil of the artist, and it is very evident that the "art spirit" and appreciation has been acutely awakened in her.

HELEN WRIGHT.

*The Art of Color.* By Michel Jacobs. Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York, 1923.

One of the most popular books on color, is this new theory, evolved by Michel Jacobs, Director of the Metropolitan Art School of New York.

It is designed primarily for students and the author makes many applications to which his color system can be adapted.

In fact he believes it can be of service to the portrait painter, architect, landscape painter, interior decorator, costume designer, stage designer and even house painter.

There are forty-three illustrations, among them several small landscapes by the author, very charming in color and composition.

The various plates and charts, with a dictionary of colors, will undoubtedly be of vast service to artists. The layman finds it a bit too technical for perfect comprehension, though it is called a "simple treatise."

H. W.

